SATYRES:
AND
SATYRICALL EPIGRAMS:

With
Certaine Obſeruations at *Black-Fryers*?
By H: F: Of LINCOLNES-INNE Gent:

Horat: Serm: Lib. 1.

— — — — — — — — Nil mî officit vnquam
Ditior hic aut eſt quia Doctior: eſt Locus vnicuiq; ſuus: — — — — — — — — —

It neuer vexeth me a whit
That this man hath more welth or wit:
Euery one hath where he may ſit.



LONDON
Printed by *Edw: All-de*, for *Miles Patrich*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop neare St. *Dunſtons*-Church in Fleet-ſtreet. 1617.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Author in praiſe of his owne BOOKE.

COmmend my *Selfe*? No! But my *Booke* I may!
And boldly (blameleſſe) 'tis *Praiſe-worthy* ſay.
How ſo? The ſenceleſſe Subſtance well may plead
My *Selfe* I was not, when the *Booke* I made.

Of his deare Friend the Author, H.F.

OF what is heere thou'lt not haue any write
Prayſes: that willing, would: and iuſtly might,

Permit me then! For Ile *Praiſe* what I ſee
Deficient heere (thy name FITZ-IEOFFERY,)

Where Engliſh FITZ aright, and I ha' done
So rightly art thou called IEOFFERYES-Sonne.

Then adde time *Age* but to thy induſtry,
In thee againe will liue *Old*-IEOFFERY.

NATH: GVRLYN.

The Author's Answer.

OF what is *Heere* I forbid any *Write*
Praises. Why? Nothing *Heere* can merite it:

Yet Ile *Permit* thee. Thoul't but *Praise* my *Name*.
And that's *Deficient*. Then *Praise* not for shame

Where do (FITZ) *right*: *Write*, place it to ỹ minde:
Stil *rightly* must (FITZ) IEOFFERYES come behind
French must turne *English* first, (strange wonders wrought:
(*Olde*) be a new *Borne*: The (*Sonne*) brought to nought.

HORAT: *De Arte Poeti.*

NVnc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies!

Anglicè ſic

NOw 'tis inough to ſpeake,
I wondrous Poemes make:
Then, Diuell the hindmoſt take.

Satyra prima.

Lib: I.

WHo'd not at venture *Write*? So many waies
A man may proue a *Poet* now a daies?
Does *Nature* witt afford to breake a Ieſt?
This is a *Poet*: and his friends proteſt
He is to blame he *Writes* not: when (indeed,)
Th'Illiterate Gull can neither *write* nor *read*.
Let *Nature* faile! Takes he but ſo much *Paine*,
To *write obſcurely*: adding ſo much *Braine*,
As end his crabbed ſenceleſſe verſe in *Rime*:
This might a *Poet* beene in *Perſeus* time.

And more! (Though *Horace* in his book reherſes)
(Nature and Arte are both requir'd in Verſes.)
There are thoſe, of their *Poetry* will vaunt,
Which do (God wote) both *Wit* & *Learning* want:
I know them! Such as they at Table ſit
Each *Ieſt* you ſpeake, will to a *Metre* fit.
And thus your *Witt's* ſell for their priuate gaine
And bee accouted *Poets* for their paine.
Others there are, that *Others workes* ſuruay,
And muſt from all thinges ſome thing *filtch* away.
Who if to weaker *Braines* they can vnfolde
A *Learned Author*: nick a Phraſe thats olde:
Or change but one word in a line or two: (ſo?
Straight all's their owne, they *write*, who doubts it
When I wood ſcarce beleeu't, though they, in fine,
To euery Verſe ſubſcribe: *By Ioue 'tis mine.*
Nor is't inough they this in priuate ſhow,
But theſe are *Poets*, all the world muſt know.

Satyres.

'Tis ſtrange to ſee what ſtretching is of *Witt*,
What ſpare of ſpeech this plentious *Preſſe* begets.
Some (if you keepe them company) you'l finde
As choiſe to breake a *Ieſt* as to breake winde.
And what's the reaſon thinke ye? Onely this:
All they can ſpeak's too little for the *Preſſe*.
Where 'tis not loſſe of *Friend*, *Life*, *Libertie*,
Shall cauſe them keepe a *Ieſt* in ſecrecy.
Others haue helpes: when their *Invention* faile,
Straight they begin abuſiuely to raile.
Then out comes *Whelps of the olde Dog*: for ſport:
Shall barke at Great ones: bite the meaner ſort:
When the On-ſetters (after all their paine:
For feare, woo'd gladly call them in againe.
And theſe will *Poets* bee accounted too:
Becauſe they *Dare* doe more then others doe.
Though they their *Verſes write*, (a man may ſay:)
As Clown's get Baſtards, and ſtraight runne away.

Montanus

Satyres.

Montanus needes will bee a *Poet!* why?
Becauſe the *Muſes* on a *Mountaine* hy
Inhabited. *Peto* for that his *Name*
Denotes him *Poet* in the Anagrame:
And Quaint *Caſtilio*: (ſince his Father dy'd!)
Who many *Volumes* publiſh't: and beſide
Diuers neglected, Left vnto his Son:
Which dubbes him *Poet*, by præſcription.
True! And *Caſtilio* will approued bee,
Or he will *Print* his Fathers *Legacy*.
And marke *Criſippo*, but what ſhifts he'l finde,
Ere he'l bee counted once to come behinde,
In euery *Booke* he will beſpeake afore:
The comming out, roome for halfe a ſcore
Or a dozen *Verſes*, which he'l hugely puffe
With commendations of the Authors ſtuffe.
And in *Hyperbolyes* his *Name* extoll
Yond *Homer*, *Virgill*, *Ouide*, *Iuuenall*.

Vouch

Vouching no better *Volume*, ere was *Writ*,
And that himſelfe hath had a *Hand* in it.
Oh this vaine-*Praiſe*-*Affecting Poetry*
Is a *bewitching*-*itching Leoproſie*: (*Braine*,
That makes men *Rub*, *ſcrub*, *rouz* and *touz* their
Pump their *Pates* dry for *Ieſts*: and all to gaine
So much *Report*: might ſerue to make them vaunt,
They are *Applauded* (though of *Ignorant*.) (ill)
They'l *ſnatch*, and *ſcratch*, and *ſcrape* (though nere ſo
And rather ſmart then holde their fingers ſtill:
Be there a Citty ſhow: or fight at Court:
Of Acts Heroicke: or of Princely ſport:
Which right to *write* of, or in Type to tell:
Might taxe a *Daniels* or a *Spencers* quill.)
Marke how theſe hungerbit *Inuentions* ſcud
To eye! to ſpy! All for no other good
Then onely this! poore this! But to obtaine:
Some fodder for their needy greedy ſtraine.

See then how *(Enuy)* gin's her eyes to fat
On dainties plenty, and repines thereat:
How muttering *Momus* (that knowes not to bite,)
Grumbles and mumbles mouthfuls out of ſpite.
How curriſh *(Critticks)* moſt ſeuerely harke:
Ready at each ſound of applauſe to barke.
How all together, and how each a part
Stretch, retch, faine, ſtrain, Inuention, Iudgement Art,
Raile, Lybell: what not? Rather then labour looſe
Ieſt on your Geſture: or be-lye your cloathes.
A ſubiect fitter for a Beadles fiſt
Then the tart lines of a ſmart Satyriſt.
Let Natures cauſes (which are too profound
For euery blockiſh ſottiſh *Pate* to ſound.)
Produce ſome *monſter*: ſome rare *ſpectacle*:
Some ſeauen yeares *Wonder*: Ages *miracle*:
Bee it a worke of nere ſo ſleight a waight,
It is recorded vp in *Metre* ſtraight,

And counted purchaſe of no ſmall renowne,
To heare the *Praiſe* ſung in a Market-towne.
How many *Volumes* lye neglected thruſt
In euery Bench-hole? euery heape of duſt?
Which from ſome *Gowries* practiſe, *Powder* plot,
Or *Tiburne Lectur's*, all their ſubſtance got:
Yet toſſe our Time-ſtalles you'll admire the rout
Of careleſſe feareleſſe *Pamphlets* flye about.
Bookes, *made of* Ballades: Workes: *of* Playes,
Sightes, *to be* Read: *of my* Lo: Maiors *day's*:
Poſt's, *lately ſet forth*: *Bearing* (*their Backe at*)
Letters, *of all ſorts*: *An intollerable Packet.*
Villains diſcouery, *by Lanthorn and Candle-light*:
(*ſtrange if the author ſhould not ſee it to hãdle right*)
A Queſt *of* Inquirie: (lacke a Douer's)
The Ieſts *of* Scoggin: *and diuers others*
(*which no man Better the* Stationer *knowes*) *there*
Wonderfull Writers; Poets *in* Proſe.

Satyres.

What poſte pin'd *Poets* that on each baſe *Theame*,
With Inuocations vexe *Apollo's* name.
Springes for Woodcockes: Doctor Merriman:
Rub and a good Caſt: Taylor *the Ferriman*.
Fennor, *with his* Vniſounding Eare word;
The vnreaſonable Epigramatiſt of Hereford:
Rowland *with his* Knaues *a murrinall*;
Now worth the calling for, a fire burne em all:
And number numberleſſe that march (vntolde)
Mongſt *Almanacks* and *Pippins*, to be ſolde.

Apologie.

THeſe *Ill* which better *Dare* thē know to *wri*
Makes thoſe (I know) not *dare* w better mig
For who iſt now attempts to Print, but knowes,
He muſt be one or cenſured on, of *Thoſe*!

For my part (Gallants) it was nere my hap,
On high *Pernassus Top*, to take a nap:
Or the Diuine *Nine* sisters *Fount* to see:
Whence I might steale a sip of *Poetry*.
These *Idle Verses* (which I *Idle* made)
None but the *Idle* I request to read:
Then what *Applause* looke I for, all may guesse,
When none may *looke* for *Praise* from *Idlenes*.

Finis Saty: Prima.

Satyra Secunda.

A Moral Satyre.

Quidam Sunt & non Videntur. Videntur & non Sunt

A Morall Satyre.

Proæmium.

I Taxe no Times, I beare no *Furyes* ſcourge:
I bring no powerfull *Fountaine* ſpringes to purge
This viceſull *Lerna*, this *Augean* ſtye,
From long neglected noyſome filthery.
Vaunt *Varlots* then: *Grizely Tartarian curres*:
Vice-Pack-horſes: *Swaines* of inchanting *pleaſures*:
Wallow in Lake of *Leaudneſſe*: racket: yell
And all the world with thundring vproare fill,
Till angry *Ioue* his *Chaos* drench agen
And a new nature of milde molde begin. (woo'd
Yet knowe (*Earths Of-ſcums*) I haue force, and
Vncaſe, vnlaſe, your Leaudnes: make ye ſcud:
Laſh at Lines length: and inſtrike ſuch a print,
Shu'd make ye ſtartle, had ye hartes of flint,
Coo'd I finde Patrons to maintaine me in't.

Satyra.

BVt range my *Muſe*! find out ſome freſher *Game*,
Some *Mayden matter*, ſome vnchaſed *Theame*.
Beat through ỹ throwes of theſe diſordered *times*.
The thorny thickets of contagious crimes,
And rouz from ſquat, purſue with æger cry,
The lurking Leaudneſſe, ſtrong ſcent villany,
Of thoſe cloſe *Foxes*, who (in milder skins)
Inuey, and gueſſe inuectiuely at Sinnes:
Bite with ſharpe cenſure: and ſeuerely ſcan
The inward *Vertues*, by the outward man.
Beſhrow mee (Sirs) if I dare ſtrout in ſtreet,
Winke at a *Window*: A *God-dam-me* greet:
Vſher a *Lady*: but ſalute her *Gloue*:
Or *Kiſſe* a Maide for manners more then *Loue*:
Cringe to a *Scriuener*: be conuerſing ſeene
In *Ludgate*, with a broken *Citizen*:

Turne oft in *Pauls*: call for a ſtoole o'th *Stage*:
Or walke atended with my *Hackney* Page:
Pace *Turnball, Shorditch, Long-lane:* or *Pickt-hatch,*
Leaſt I be taken by this heedfull watch.
Theſe pickthanke Peſants; that with *Lynceus* eye,
Inſpect mans Actions too Iniuriouſly.
First to yon Maſſe of man: yon loade of *Guts,*
That all he handles in his belly puts:
Who euery meales meate makes a Maſſecry,
Of *Shambles, Poultry, Sea variety.*
How on the Table he his Panch doth reſt,
And ſtuffes it as a Wallet of the beſt.
Yet cloſe his Buttockes rammes vp as in Pound
For feare o'th worſt, to'th'good-behauiour bound.
Snorts at mid-day: yet ſtartles at the ſturre,
Of a betraying Boote, or tel-tale Spurre:
Cryes out of *Faſhions,* as of *Faſting-dayes,*
Rebukes *Exceſſe*: gainſt *Vanityes* inueyes:

Hates *Vice* as *Hunger*: and abhorres to *ſtand*
In ſight of a (Sir reuerence) *Saffron-band.*
Tell him his *Worſhip* is ſo ſtrictly wiſe: *Too*
His cloſeſt *Trounces*, full as full of vice.
As wide from *Vertues meane* as Largeſt ſize.
Next to yon *Preſter Iohn*, that Learned *Clarke*:
Who after all my cloſeſt acts doth harke.
A man, that for a *Wiſe one* ſure woo'd paſſe,
Shu'd there but 6. bee, as there 7. was:
Hee heretofore (out of his *Lone* exceeding)
Woo'd euer bee examining my Reading:
Now (more *Officious*) euer *Checking* is:
A ſtrickt *Remembrancer* of all amiſſe.
Bid him bee leſſe in *Office*: more in *Lone*:
Leaſt he ere long *Iacke out of Office* proue.
Laugh, Laugh, *Demorritus*! who can hold to hear
Socraticke Doctors, *Catoes* moſt auſteer.

Roule vp the *Records* of *Antiquity*,
To frame *Abridgements* for youth's *Liberty*.
Accuſe *Wits* folly. *Times* ſtrange alterations:
The vaine expence of cloth conſuming faſhions,
When their allowance was (themſelues can tell)
At leaſt vnto a Codpiſſe halfe an Ell.
Lend me *Athenian* but a while thy light:
To ſcowre the ſcoutes, the Lurking holes of *Spite*,
And execrable *Enuy*: ſee the rout
Of Raſcals: venome *Vermin*, I'le finde out:
Cankermouth'd *Catchpoles*, that in Ambuſh lye,
To wreck, to ſeck *Vertues* æternitie:
With poyſnous blaſt of miſereant *Infamy*.
(*Iuſtinian*) is too *Fortunate* to beare
The name of *Iuſt*: (*Flora*) too *Curtious* farre
To harbour *Honeſty*: (*Varro*) held to bee
Vaine, for his skilfull vaine in *Poetry*.

(*Fantaſticke*) cannot with his Flaunders feete
Lock'd in his foure-wheele-casket vex the ſtreet:
Knocke in a Tauerne, but his Father heares,
Some 20 Leagues off. *Luxurio* feares
Retaine a ſeruant fairer then his wife:
Nor will *Lorella* in deſpaire of Life
Tell of her ſide-ſtitch or the Belly-ake,
Leaſt ſhe bee ſaid *Lucinas* ayde to lacke.
Who is from ſcourge of *Cenſure* can ſcape free,
Yea (*Temperate Nature*) men will jerke at thee!
How ſuffer ſome but for a *Sanguin Noſe*?
A *Scarlet ſcone*? when each Logitian knowes
'Tis *Vertues* colour. How enuy ſome at
A *Stirrill Chin*? Or a top naked *Pate*?
Emblem of *Truth*, and *Graces*. What reproofe
Goes with a *Limping Leg*? Or *Vulcan Hoofe*?
Yea ſome ſo farre preſume, as to define
Knaues, by their *Bunch-back's*, and their *Goggle-eyne*

When *Accidents* (affirmes the *Stagerite*)
Not Naturall cause no note but in Spirit.
Peace then *Melampus*, peace *Albertus*, *Cocles*:
Ptolœmie, *Rasis*, and *Auerroes*.
Gallen, *Palemon*: hence be silent all,
Or proue the cunning *Huperphisicall*.
And all lesse learn'd in Rules of *Phisnomy*:
That *Natures notes*, holde markes of *Infamy*.
Else (*mincing Madam's*) why doe we (*alas!*)
Pine at your *Pencill* and conspiring *Glasse*? (wheels
Your *Curles*, *Purles*, *Perriwigs*, your Whal eb one
That shelter all defects from head to heeles.
Making but *Good* what these count *Vicious*:
Yet not iniustly termed odious.
To strout in *Purple* or rich *Scarlet* dye
With siluer barres begarded thriftily:
To set in print the *Haire*: Character the *Face*:
Or dye in graine the *Ruffe* for Visage grace.

To clog the *Eare* with plummets: clag the wrests
With *Busk-points*, *Ribbons*, or *Rebato-Twists*:
From Barbors tyranny to saue a locke,
His Mistris wanton fingers to prouoke:
Such *Trifles*, *Toyes*: in these sharpe *Crittiks* view,
Throwes vs in number of the damned *Crue*.
As if a *Frounced*, *pounced*, *Pate* coo'd not,
As much *Braine* couer, as a *Stoike* cut.
Or practicke *Vertue*, might not lodge as soone
Vnder a *Silken*, as a *Cynicke* gowne.
Fond fond *Philosophers*: who e're definde
Vertue a *Habite* of the *Cloathes* but *minde*?
Tell me (precisely) what auailes it ware,
A Bongrace Bonnet, *Eye-brow shorter Haire*?
A Circumcized Ruffe? *Conuerting Eye*?
In Sadnesse? *Yes* Indeed? *Yea* Verily?
To beare a Bible *euery* Edifying *day*
Of an Armefull, (*beside the* Apochriphay?)

To carry no more cloath then skin: to shoe
The Stockens worne at Knees, the Shooes at Toe?
If thou but nod at *Fryers*, Or be tane
Closely conuerting an impure Queane?
Found in a *Morgage*, not a minute spare?
Or turne *Informer* for a demyshare.
Who *Vertue* holdes a bare apparant *Good*,
Makes nothing *Vice*, that may assume a hood,
A vaile of *Well*, pure *honesty* no more
Then flat *Hypocrisie*: a painted Whore. (lesse)
Countes nothing more (when indeed nothing
Then others mens *Opinions Happines*.
And *Vertue* (rare!) All thinges to be at *End*:
When euery action needs to *Good* must tend.
Giue me a *Genius*: a well tempred minde
which no *Feare* vrge: no *Syren* note can winde
From way of *Right*: that doth all *Good* approue
For no Good else, but for bare *Vertues* Loue.

Whom

Whome not *Cymerian* darknes, more then day:
Nor *Gyges Ring* could corrupt any way.
A Minde well mounted, that will scoffe at *Hate*,
Trample on *Fortune*, feircel'Incounter *Fate*,
Spurne at the sound of *Vulgar praise* as base:
Spit a defiance in proud *Enuyes* face:
An armed *Conscience* that dares grapple with
A muster of *Opinions*, in the teeth:
Who though a *Theater* should striue bring out
His closest grosest *Faults*, and all about
Set on to barke: durst boldly stand it out.
Who thinks to trauerse so vpright the Stage
(Free from (*contrôle*) of this *Censorious Age*:
Or aimes in Action at the *Vulgar grace*,
Of *Hydra-Headed* multitude, *Applause*;
Need frame him selfe a *Nature* that will brooke
As many shapes as euer *Proteus* tooke.
To crye *God saue you* with a Courtly grace,

To *Kisse the Hand*, to lay at *Foote* the *Face*:
To act the *Croſs-point Longey* ſleightly:
Is held *Affecting Proud Humility*.
To *Vaile* the *Bonnet*: ſtiffe as *Elephant*,
A Furlong off to caſt a *Complement*:
To titch the Brimmes: or ſcarce to ſpeake at all:
Wee ſtately, ſcornefull, hatefull *Geſture* call.
And careleſſe carriage argues, *Loues* neglect:
In beſt indeauours Critticks *finde defect*.
Let me no oftner then *Apollo* appeare
To *Laugh*, to skip (like *Phœbus*) once a yeare,
To goe more formall then my wonted faſhion,
Corrected in my Taylours laſt Edition,
To rectifie my *Fore-top*: or aſſume,
For one nights Reuels a 3. ſtory Plume:
(Though ſome will *Laſſes* weare, and *Leekes* as of
And with a more (perchance) Ambitious thought
Straight 'tis ſurmiſed, rumord round about

Satyres.

I roare, I score, I lauish, lash it out.
Trifle *Times* Treasure: And keepe open port,
To all Companions of licentious sort.
When in a day or two, being found alone,
Hemmed in the hopefull habite of a *Gowne*.
By me a *Plowdon* or a *Littleton*.
Lord! what a new bred fame gins hence to passe,
How I am changed from the man I was?
Thus I can expectation falsify:
Weary out *Censure* in vncertainty:
Redeeme *Time* as I list: proue *Want of Wit*
In those that most inuective jerke at it:
And most precize, of greatest vice condemne.
Making my *Faults* theirs: by *Belying* them.
Know I can Frolique be with (*Fregio*)
Court it in Compteſt phraſe with (*Curio.*)
Come deepe the Caſter: and Carouce it free.
(As farre as *Vertues* limites Licence mee.)

In as rich *Grograns*, *Sattins*, *Tissues*, goe
As *Florence*, *Carles*, *Tartary* can showe.
Meet, and crye farwell, to those spirits bolde
By *Pistolltenure* that their Liuings holde,
Confer with Crop-eard knights ath' post; heare tell
Of *Stangate* prizes, and of *Shooters* Hill,
Of *Brothells*, *Stewes*, of vilest *villanies*,
And learne out *Vertue* by her contraries.
Fond *Affectation*, to be counted *Great*,
To be *The man held*: to be pointed at.
Ie're neglected. *Singularitye*
May sometimes vertue be: here *Policye*.
Who is a man of Note (note this from me)
Is sure ne're to offend in *secrecie*:
To liue in *Bondage* in *Fames Iealosie*.
Tis not the mouthfull of mans breath I care,
Nor seuere Censure of strict *Critick*s feare
In spite of *Envy*, *Hate* 'twas neuer known:

But euer *Fame* will *Vertue* waite vpon;
And now, when *Vertue Vice* is held: whome is't
We may not *Praise* or *Dispraise* as wee list?

THen (*Snarling curres*) turne to this gally slyme.
Feed on the putrid substance of my *Ryme*,
Heer's *Hotch-pot*: *Sosse*: prouided filling stuffe
Shall finde your greedy *Censures* worke inough.
Where if I finde ye! Or but spie a traine:
A fresh haue at yee (*Varlots*) once againe.

FINIS.

To his worthy Friend vpon theſe *Satyres*.

Satyres in Engliſh? I pray God your fate,
Send's you not into the world too late
To proue there may be ſuch: For there ha's bin
So much deceit in *Satyres*, 'tis a *Sin*
(Almoſt) to hope for good ones: They who beſt
Haue done, haue onely *Dar'd*: and more expreſt
Their *Paſſions*, then a *Poem*. Nay eeuen all
Doe but conuert their little Braines to gall:
And bee it *bitter* once they care not then
How *venomous* it be. Which errors when
I ſee, and ſee how well approu'd they are,
'Tis more then miracle, Your's be ſo farre
Diſtinguiſhed. And that you ſuruiue to *Write*,
More out of true diſcerning then of *Spite*.

I. STEPHENS.

THE SECOND BOOKE: OF *Satyricall Epigram's.*



To his True Friend *Tho: Fletcher* of LINCOLN'S-INNE Gent:

TOM!) 'twas thy *Speeches* did me first possesse
These *scattered Epigramm's* deseru'd the *Presse*.
VVhose Learned *Iudgement*, and *Loue*, I knew such,
Might wel *Commend*, and *Command*, twice as much.
If (*Reader*) then heer's ought may breed delight,
Giue halfe the thankes to him it brought to light.
Nor blush not (*Tom*!) nor blame not! that I seeme,
Thee the halfe-parent of my *Booke* to deeme.
Heer's nought but *Good* (if nothing they *mis-scan*!)
Let *Critticks*, *Momus*, *All*, say what they can!
Th'are *Good*: who doubts it? not, for ought I know:
Yet *Good* Ile sweare: because *Thou* saist th'are so.

Satyricall Epigrammes.

Ad Emptorem. Epig: 2.

THese *Epigrams* thou see'st whose are they? (mine?
No! The *Book-binders*: buy thē, they are thine.

In Thrasonem. Epig: 2.

SInce *(Thraso)* met one stoutly in the field,
He cracks his *Spirit* knowes not how to yeeld.
Looks big! Sweares! stroutes with set-side armes &
Yet gently yeelds the wall to all he meets. (streets:
And to his Friend that askes the reason why
His Answer's this: *my selfe I grace thereby.*
For euery one, the common Prouerbe knowes:
That *All-wayes to the Wall the weakest goes.*

Of a Rayling Clyent. Epig. 3.

I Call'd one *Knaue*: who answered: (*Sir*) not so!
The *Knaue doth all-way's with the Lawyer goe.*
How could I well but well approue his speech?
Each *Lawyer* walkes, his *Clyent* at his breech.

Of Debt. Epig. 4.

TO bee *Indebted* is a *shame* (men say!)
Then 'tis *Confessing* of a *shame*, to *Pay.*

In Medicum. Epig. 5.

WHen (*Mingo*) cries *How do you sir!* tis thought
He *Patients* wanteth? & his practic's nought.
Wherefore of late now euery one he meeteth,

Satyricall Epigrams.

With *Sir I'm glad to see you well* hee greeteth.
But who'l beleeue him now, when all can tell
The world goes *Ill* with him when all are *Well?*

Against the Accademicks of their abusiue
*Ignoramus. Epig. 6.

THe *Law is* in our *Hands!* How dare ye then
Abusiue bee? Cause ye are *Law-lesse men*:
Your fault was great! but wee neglect the same,
For ye excuse your *Error* in the *Name.*

In Cornutum. Epig. 7.

ONe tolde his wife a *Harts-head* he had bought
To hang his Hat vpon: and home it brought,
To whome his frugall Wife: what needs this care?
I hope (*sweete Hart*) your *Head* your hat can beare.

No-lawes Reformation.

Epig: 8.

SInce *(No-law's)* Father did him Counsaile giue
And said, hee onely by his *Booke* must liue.
Ha's bought the *Law*: and vowes his life to mend,
And most on's time will in his *Studdy* spend.
And (doubtlesse) so he meanes, for wot ye why?
Has chang'd his *Bed*, and doth in's *Studdy* lye:
How like ye *(No-law)* now? Is hee not wise?
Thus he is certaine by the *Law* to *Rise*.

Of Lucus *and his long Haire.*

Epig: 9.

LVcus *)* long locks down to his shoulders weares:
And why? He dares not cut them *for his Eares*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

Franciſco's Trauels. Epig: 10.

TEn monthes (I take it) are not fully gone,
Sinee bolde (*Franciſco*) croſt the *Seas* alone.
VVho late returned (one woo'd thinke it much)
A compleat *Linguiſt*: skilfull in the *Duteh*.
And more (if you knew all) for wot yee what?
In the *Low-cuntry's* hee the *French* hath got.

Of Braggado and his Valour. Epig: 11.

GIue one bad word out comes *Braggadoes* ſword,
And ſweares (in rage) to ſheath it in your guts.
But draw and ſtifly ſtand vnto your word,
And gently vp againe his blade he puts.
Craues your acquaintance: vowes he loues all ſuch
As on their *Reputation* ſtand ſo much.

But bee he *One* that can his wroth containe,
He *Scornes* to ſtrike him! Hee'l not ſtrike againe.
When will *Braggado* then his manhood proue?
When hee meets one he doth not *ſcorne*, or *Lone*.

Of Duke *and his Impriſonment.*
Epig. 12.

DVke *lyes* for *Debt*, yet nothing owes he'l ſweare
Beleeu't, 'tis falſe, as ſure as hee *Lyes* there.

Againe:
Of Duke *and the Debt.*
Epig. 13.

DVke's *not in debt*: yee doe him wrong to ſay it:
The *Debt* is – God knowes whoſe. His that wi
(pay it

(Guido's

(Guido's) *Bounty.* Epig. 14.

GIft-gobling *Guido* alwayes, as he takes,
Vnto his Friend this hopefull answere makes.
I thanke you kindely: You haue beene at cost:
But (if I liue) you shall not finde it lost.
Then can I euer hope to liue and finde
Close-fisted *Guido* in the *Giuing* minde?
Nor can I thinke *guifts lost*, though *Guido* dye?
For who can *loose* that he doth *Giue away*?

Of Lawyers. Epig. 15.

SOme, *Lawyers* praise: & some their sect defame:
The first I cann't: the last I will not blame.
Nor yet esteeme *Those* lesse *Praise-worthy*, when
All *loue* not *Vertue*: No not most of men.

VVhome *All* men *Praiſe* I *praiſe* him not at all,
But rather him a *Temporizer* call.
When *Two* contend for, what but *One* muſt haue,
Who can doe Right and eithers fauours ſaue?
When one mans *Loſſe* anothers *Game* doth make,
And *Looſers* muſt, and will haue leaue to ſpeake.
Then (*Gentle Lawyers*,) thinke it more then well,
If the ha'fe part of men your *Praiſes* tell.

To his Fellow Students.
Epig. 16.

TO *Riſe* by *Law*, a *Life* wee couet all.
Why? 'Tis *Death* to vs, by the *Law* to *Fall*.

Of Himſelfe. Epig. 17.

A Friend of mine, (and yet no friend to mee,)
Comes oft and craues my *Epigram's* to ſee.

He waighes each word, & highly doth cómend 'em
And much intreats me to the *Presse* to send 'em.
Thus *(Foole!)* my *Labour's* I let him pertake,
That *Labour's* mee a *Foole* imprint to make.

Of Phantasmo a Mistris Boaster.
Epig. 18.

FY! fie *(Phantasmo!)* cease to raise
Such *Trophais* in thy Mistris *Praise.*
Shee's *Faire!* what then? The house most white
Seeme *Venus Birds* most to inuite.
And *Trees* that faireſt *Fruite* doe beare
With *Stones* assaulted oftneſt are.
Shee's *Pretty! Witty!* cruell *Wit,*
If not *Wisdome,* Ioyn'd with it!
Shee's *Kinde!* 'Tis true! what better knowne?
What worse? when *Kinde* to more then one.

Wrong not then my *Pureſt Faire*,
With this meane this skin compare.
Rather by thy *Sonnets*, ſeeke,
To make her *Praiſes Venus* like.
How ere ſhe *Propper*: *Faire* her *Feature*:
Beleeu't ſhee's but a *Common* creature.

In Sextum. Epig. 19.

SExtus) 6. *Pockets* weares: 2. for his *Vſes*:
The other 4. to *Pocket* vp *Abuſes*.

Epig. 20.

Kit) I commend thy care of all I know,
That pawn'dſt thy *Cuſhion* for a Pipe of *To* —
Now thou art like (though not to ſtuddy more!)
Yet ten-times *Harder* then thou didſt before.

Cynna's Theft. Epig. 21.

Stolne Fruite is ſweete: So cannot *Cynna* ſay,
That *Stole* a Wench, and had her tooke away.

Of Luce *and her* 4. *Husbands*, 3. *of them thus Named*, Small, Forman, Middleton. *Epig.* 22.

Luce) late is left a *Wealthy widdow*:
(How can it other bee then ſo?)
Foure Husbands ſhe hath buryed,
Yet would not ſtick againe to wed,
Which on her *Hand* ſhe thus doth caſt:
Small, Forman, Middleton: And *my Laſt*.
(Counting for euery finger *One*)
Which all (God wot) are dead and gone.
Then (*Luce*) beware a *Fiſt* to take,
Leaſt ſo a *Hand of all you make*.

More-dew's Payment.
Epig. 23.

MOre-dew) the Mercer (with a kinde ſalute)
Woo'd needs intreat my Cuſtome for a *Suite*
He'r *Sir* (quoth hee) for *Sattins*, *Velvets*, call:
VVhat ere you pleaſe, *Ile take your word for all.*
I thank't! Tooke! Gaue my word! (ſay than?)
Am I at all indebted to this man?

Clyms Account. Epig. 24.

CLym calls his *Wife* and reckoning all his neigh
Iuſt *Halfe* of them are *Cuckolds* he auer's. (bor
Nay fie (quoth ſhe!) I would they heard you ſpeak
You of your *ſelfe* it ſeemes no *Reckoning* make.

Of Sim, *and his ſpeedy Marriage.*
Epig. 25.

SIx months (quoth *Sim*) a *Sutor* and not ſped?
I in a Sennet did both *Woe* and *Bed.* (ſhake.
: Who greene Fruit *Loues* muſt take long paines to
Thine was ſome *Downe-fall* I dare vndertake.

A Manly Woman the beſt Wife.
Epig. 26.

FAire! *manly*! *Wiſe*! Imagine which of theſe
In Wedlock choiſe would beſt my *fancy* pleaſe?
Of all: giue me the *Woman halfe* a *Man*:
So I ſhall (happy) haue but *halfe a Woman.*

The Womans Anſwer. Epig. 27.

IF *Halfe* a woman beſt your *Humour* fit:
Twere beſt to *marry* an *Hermophrodite.*

Tom's *good Fortune in being Rob'd.* Epig. 28.

TOm) tels hee's *Rob'd*, and counting all his *losses*,
Concludes: *All's gone* & world *is full of Crosses.*
If all *be gone (Tom)* take this comfort then,
Th'art certaine neuer to haue *Crosse* agen.

Of Lawyers and Poets. Epig. 29.

NO mar'le that *Lawyers*, rich: *Poets*, poore liue,
One giues *to* take, *the* other, *takes* to *Giue.*

In Ignotum. Epig. 30.

WHat bred a *Scholler*: borne a *Gentleman*,
Of 5. yeares *standing* an *Oxonian.*

Of perſon *Proper*: of a *comely Feature*:
And ſhall I baſely now turne *Serving-Creature?*
(Foole!) hug thy fortune. S'fut't may be thy making
A *Ladyes* proffered *Seruice* not worth taking?
Who her *ſerues* (ſure) ſhall be well *Borne*: (and
One knowne ſufficient for the *Turne before.* (more)
The more thy *Standing*, greater *(Foole)* thy *Grace*..
And thou farre fitter to ſupply the place.
For men in ſeruing *Ladyes* much may *get*,
Then men of *Beſt-parts* ſooneſt they'l admit.

In Spruſam. Epig. 31.

WHen men ſpeake *Baudy* knoweſt thou what's (the matter.
(Spruſa) ſo often ſpitteth? (not to flatter!)
The cauſe (I take't) is this: *Her teeth doe water.*

Of the Riming Sculler. Epig. 32.

HOrace the *Poet*, in his Booke reherſes,
That *Water-drinkers* neuer *make good Verſes.*
Yet I a *Poet* know, And (in his *Praiſe*!)
Hee's one has liu'd by *Water all his day's.*

Sues *Slip.* Epig. 33.

S'*Ve* ſwore ſhe *Lou'd* mee: and vow'd faithfully
Neuer to *match* with any but with mee.
Now ſhe hath chang'd her minde: and of *All* men
Will none of *mee.* Hath ſhe not *match't mee* then?

Tell her ſhe *Trifles.* Aske but to what end
She *ſwore* ſhee *Lou'd? She meant but as a Friend.*

Aske why *Loue* tokens ſhe did priuate ſend?
Still ſhee replyes: *She meant but as a Friend.*

Aske why ſh'Inuited mee to walke alone
where ſhe her *thoughts* more fully did make known
Binding with *Oathes*, *Deliuering Hand* on that,
Sealing with *Lippes*, *In Wttneſſe* I know what:
Caſting her ſelfe downe by mee: where I could
And might haue tooke, what *Suerty* I would.
Still *blameleſſe*, *ſhameleſſe*, Shee *will all defend*,
Saying in all: *Shee meant but as a Friend.*
Then bee Sue *ſuch to all her* Friends, *as mee*,
I'ad rather ſhee my Friend *then* Wife *ſhu'd bee.*

Of Win *and her Sutors.*
Epig: 34.

WIn is much wooed to, but not *wonne* of any:
The troth on't is: *She* doth *admit* too many.

Tym's Studiosity. Epig. 35.

MArke ye how ſtudious (*Tym*) is turnd of late?
How he breakes Company to meditate?
Does hee but thus continue, certainly,
Hee'l bee (at leaſt) a *Sargeant*, ere hee dye.
Hee may doe (doubtleſſe) much! yet I can tell,
Hee'l not come neere a *Sargeant*, by his will.

Ænigma.

A *Begger* once exceeding poore
A penny pray'd mee giue him:
And deeply vow'd n'ere to *aske more*:
And I, nere *more*, to giue *Him*.
Next day he *Begg'd* againe, I *gaue*,
Yet *Both* of vs onr *Oathes* did *ſaue*.

Of an Egregious Whoore.
Epig. 36.

THy *Belly is thy God.* I well may ſay!
All thy care is to *ſerue* it *Night* and *Day.*
Feare then thy *God*: leaſt (whil'ſt thou worſhip ſo!)
He Riſe, and *Helliſh* torments put the to.

Of Felo *and his Poetry.*
Epig. 37.

F*Elo)* that lately kiſt the *Gaole*, hath got
A ſmacke of *Poetry*! yea more then that!
Hee will maintaine none can bee truely ſaid
A *Poet*, that was neere *Impriſoned.*
: *No Bird ſings ſweeter then the Bird in Cage.*
: *And Satyriſts (like Dogs) ty'd, fierceſt rage.*

Thus will fond *(Felo)* proue by Diſputation,
That *New-gate* is the *Muſes habitation.*
But how ſo? when ſome there *cannot* reherſe,
In a *month's* Learning, for their *Liues* a Verſe.

To his Vnconſtant Miſtris.
Epig. 38.

I Dare not much ſay when I *thee* commend,
Leaſt *Thou* bee *changed* ere my *Praiſes end.*

Woman (quaſi) *Woe-man.*
Epig. 39.

HAd I not felt it miſery to *Wee,*
I had beene *marryed* (certaine) long agoe.
Had I *Not marryed,* ſtraight *(Moroco)* ſayes,
I had not once felt Woe *in all my dayes.*

Satyricall Epigrams.

If after *Woman as* before *comes* Woe,
Woe worth the *Man* with *Woman* hath to doe.

For Lawyers. Epig. 40.

I Muſe that *Lawyers* feare no more to *marry* (tarry.
That from their Wiues muſt all the *Terme-time*
O Sir! If *Termely abſence* breeds the *Feare*,
How many *Frights* each *Lawyer*, in a yeare?

Speudall's Pollicie.
Epig. 41.

Nouerint Vniuerſi per præ — Thus began
(*Notario*) read, ere hee'd his *Coyne* forgoe.
Holde (cryes young *Spendall:*) S'fut you marre all
By any meanes my *Father* muſt not know. (man!
For any money I'de not haue it ſo.

Of

Of Liber too wary to Thriue.
Epig. 42.

Liber) is late ſet vp, and wanteth *Cuſtome*.
Yet great *reſort* hath got: but hee'l not *Truſt*
Is not his Loue vnto his Friend the greater? ('em.
Hee'l *want* himſelfe, ere hee'l ſee him *a Debtor*.

In Lesbiam, ingratam.
Epig. 43.

WHy I ſhould *Loue thee* I no *Reaſon* ſee:
Then *Out of Reaſon* (Lesbia) *I Loue thee*.

Sir Hughes *miſtake*. Epig. 44.

IN *Marriage*, *Woman* promiſe makes:
To ſerue her Husband all her Life.

Hence comes it that Sir *Hugh* mistakes:
That *vses Seruants* as his *Wife*.
And further yet the sence doth wrest,
Louing *Her* most that *serues* him best.

In Pontum. Epig. 45.

PO*ntus* comes *Posting* almost euery day, (play?
And cryes *How doe you Sir?* Come, what's the
Who doubts but much his labour hee hath lost,
Here coo'd tell, no more then coo'd the *Post*.

In Milonem. Epig: 46.

MI*lo*) much blames mee, that in all my *Verse*,
I nothing in my *Mistris Praise* reherse.
Know I haue *Volumes*, and wou'd (I confesse.)
But can not get consent of Her to *Presse*.

Of Wine. Epig. 47.

PHysitians) *Wine* at *Spring-Time* poyson call;
I hold! It neuer hurteth but ith' *Fall.*

In Presbiterum. Epig. 48.

PResbyter) that of late his *Parish* croſt,
By his looſe *Liuing*, hath his *Liuing* loſt.
And will turne *Begger*: hoping by his *Wittes*,
To raiſe a *Beneſice* from *Benefitts*
Foole! Studdy better, better meanes to liue.
To *Learned Beggers*, rare, or ne're men giue.
Where *Art* and *Pouerty* together dwell,
'Tis ſhrowdly to bee fear'd all is not well.
Men doe by *Begging Liuings* get (we ſee!)
Yet few get *Liuings* by their *Beggery.*

In Ignotum. Epig. 49.

A *Corniſh* Citizen came to his *Wife*,
Swore he had beene in danger of his life.
How man (quoth ſhee!) Faith pointing but at *One*
Counted the *arrant'ſt Cuckold* in the Towne.
Nay Lord (quoth ſhee!) *what meant you* Man *to ſay*
Ie you forget your Selfe *too bad*, be quiet. (*it?*

The Iealous Man.

Care: I *Feare:* I *Vexe* full ſore:
To *Know* of what would *Vexe* mee more.

The Wittall.

Know my Fate, and that muſt beare,
And ſince I *Know* I need not *Feare*.

Epig. 50.

Epig. 50.

HOw can (*Sir Amorous*) in his *ſute* ſpeede *ill*,
That hath his *Miſtris*, euery where at *Will*.
Then worke thy *Will* of her, for know, of *Olde*,
Tayle Tenure hath been held the *ſureſt* holde.

Incerti Authoris

Of a Bald-man. Epig. 51.

THy *Haires*, and *ſinnes*, no man may æquall call
For as thy *Sinnes increaſe* thy *Haires* doe *Fall*.

An Anſwer to the ſame.

Epig. 52.

YEs: If thy *Haires fall*, as thy *Sinnes increaſe*,
Both will ere long proue *æquall*, *Numberleſſe*.

In Philippum. Epig: 53.

CAll *Phillip*, *Flat-noſe*, ſtraight hee frets thereat!
And yet this *Phillip* hath a *Noſe*, that's *Flat*.

To his Ingenious Friend Will: Goddard
of his Booke intituled: Waſpes.
Epig. 54.

TRue *Epigrams* moſt fitly *likned* are
To *Waſpes*, that in their taile a ſting muſt beare.
Thine being *Waſpes*. I ſay, (who'ſt will repine!)
They are not *Epigrams* are not *like Thine*.

Amor ex viſu.
Of a Blind-man, Louing.
Epig. 55.

IF *Loue* comes but by *Sight*: (as true we finde.)
Then needs muſt (*Caco*) *ſee*: for he is *Blinde*.

On Reading Room shelves

Maxima amicitia inter æquales.

The *Younger* Brother to the *Elder*.

Epig. 56.

IF *Amongst equals greatest Friendship bee,*
Our *Loue* was *Best* in our minoritie.
When as this mutuall Lesson wee were taught,
To bee as *Equall* branches from *One* graft.
Then did wee *Goe* and *Grow* alike, as *One*,
No *Difference* had in Education.
So our Affections *Sympathiz'd* in all,
That no euent could come but *mutuall*.
So *Neare* so *Deare*, we both did *Loue* and *Liue*,
That each *ones Breath* to each might *Being* giue,
What more? So *Life*, and *Loue*, in all did linke vs,
That *One* that knew vs both, both *one* wou'd think
Which in our *Father bred* this foule mistake, (v
Who gaue *One all*, and so did *Difference* make.

Vnitas non est numerus.

Epig. 57.

ROme for (*Reuerſio*:) there's but *One*, Ile ſweare
Betwixt him and 5. hundred a *Yeare*.
O happy, thrice (*Reuerſio*) if that *One*,
(As none a *Number*) thou coo'dſt *number none*!

Againe:

Vnus Homo nullus homo.

Epig. 58.

ONe *Man is no man*: Proue that if you can,
(*Reuerſio*) you for euer make a *Man*.

Natura nihil agit fruſtra.

Againſt Painted Women.

Epig. 59.

MOſt are of minde that *Women* are leſſe *Faire*,
And more *Deformed*: then of *Olde* they were.

On Reading Room shelves

True! elſe *In vaine woo'd* Nature *labour take*,
To *giue* them *Beauty*, that can *Beauty make*.

To his Hearts concéiled Honor.

THen *Thee*, the *Goddeſſe* did *Diuinely* frame,
For her *Art's* glory, and theſe *Artiſts ſhame*.

In Amicam dotem quærentem.
Epig. 60.

(——) Loues me, and woo'd *wed*, but wot ye what?
Vnleſſe I make her *Ioynture* ſhee will not.
And whats this *Ioynture*. *A future Eſtate*
Purchaſt by Prouidence, poſſeſt by Fate.
Whereon to Hopes *vnkindneſſe, griefe* t'inioy.
A *Sin*, to *wiſh* for, in it *ſelfe* a *toy*.

Satyricall Epigrams.

A meerly neerl'*Inuention*, onely fit
To part falſe hearts, and not to *Ioyne* on it.
Then (–) on I*oynture* doe not ſo much ſtand,
: All faithfull *Louers* are not borne to Land.
It breeds *Diſtruſt*: Interres *ſuſpition*
Of other diſlikes, to diſlike thee on.
For was thy *Loue*, ſo firme as *mine*! with me
Thou'dſt thinke no other but to liue and die.

Yet bee't as 'twill! ere Ile my *Loue* forgoe,
For want of what I need not: this Ile doe,
Take mee! Ile play th'*Good-husband*, and I will
Both *Day* and *Night* bee *getting* for thee ſtill.
And what I get (and I will get for *Life*,)
Dying Ile wholly leaue vppon my *Wife*.

If this contents not! marke then what Ile ſay,
Dues muſt not bee demaunded till the Day.

On Reading Room shelves

Let (–) then Iuſtly *Ioyne* me to *her* now,
And then aske *Ioynture* when it ſhall grow *Due*.

Of a Lawyer and a Phyſitian, which the Better man.

Epig. 61.

A Quaint *Phyſitian* that had tooke Degree,
Like in his *Habite* : æquall in his *Fee*.
Being a man of *Vniuerſall grace*,
Contended with a *Lawyer* for the place :
Sir (quoth *Phyſitian*) I am *One* you know
That before Lords and Ladyes vſe to goe.
My *Life* ſecure, voide of ſeditious ſtrife.
Not one dares once moleſt me, *for his Life*.
I oft am ſent for, *Lawyer* then (bee ſe'd)
And haue *to doe*, with *Ladyes* in their bed.

Lawyer.

Be Patient (*Doctor*,) And take this from mee,
Tis not your *Grace*: like *Habite* : æquall *Fee*:

Satyricall Epigrams.

Nor Priuiledges *all*: (ſay what you can)
May make you bee, or ſeeme the better man:
I (as *Apollo*) am the God, to whome
All Countryes croutching doe for *Counſaile* come.
Iudge then my ſtate! how *Honored* I liue:
How *Liberall*: *Counſaile* vnto all I *Giue*:
How *Honeſt*, That am ſought too: free from *Hate*
When men will truſt mee with their whole eſtate.
No not the ſtatelyeſt *Lady* in the Land,
Will ſticke to put her *Caſe* into my hand:
Goe to our *Practiſe*! (for my Countries care)
I moſt am ſtirring where *Contentions* are.
You in *Infections*, and *Diſeaſes* raining,
Make out of *Others* loſſe and *Hurt*, your gaining.
I to ſuppreſſe *Deceit*, *Truth's Cauſes* vrge:
You, *Humours* to exhale, with *Gliſters* purge.
Miſtake not *Doctor* then, and you ſhall finde,
It is your *Office* for to come *behinde*.

Of

Of 2. *Painters contending for Praeeminence in their Art.* Epig. 62.

TWo *Painters* on a time at variance fell,
Which might each other in his *Art* excell.
One thinking straight to end so vaine a strife,
Pluckes forth the curious Picture of his *Wife*,
Swearing if ought of his could this surpasse,
Hee, of the *Two* the better *Artist* was:
The other more Learned in *Philosophie*.
Saves *All compares must amongst equalls bee.*
Now then (if this must the Contention end)
You of necessity your *Wife* must lend.
Then let me presently her with me take,
And I her Image shall more *Liuely* make.
Let no suspition cause you to deny her,
Ile make it speedily: And send it by her.
This done! The *Artist* cunningly did bid her,
Before him stand, as when her *Husband did her*;

Who ſpeedily his *Pencill* forth did plucke,
And cloſe himſelfe vnto his worke betooke.
So luſtly *Her* hee fitted euery where,
She ſwore her *Husband* could not him come neere.
: No better *Iudge* then, can I *haue*, nor *Will*,
: Goe home and tell thy *Husband* of my *Skill*.
At whoſe returne the *Good-man* (fond to know)
Askt her the *Enſigne* of his *Art* to ſhow.
(Quoth ſhe) this time the *Ground* he onely laide.
It ſhall in time bee perfected (hee ſaide.)
Oft was he vrgent, (and woo'd Anſwer none,)
From day to day hee'd aske (*What ha's hee done?*)
It chanced ſo that in ſome 10. Months after,
Shee was deliuered of a goodly *Daughter*.
So like in all, to th'Mother was this *Elfe*,
That none could thought bee mother but *herſelfe*.
Which *Borne*, ſhe tooke, and to her *Man* did ſend it
Loe heere my Picture: Trie if you can mend it.

FINIS.

To the worthy Author vpon these Epigrams.

LEt me not whilst I praise an *Epigram*,
Deserue a *Satyre*: Let not me who am
As nice in praising as dispraising still,
Commend your worke as trading *Poets* will:
For then I might praise Bookes I neuer read,
Bookes senceleſſe, at leaſt not Interpreted,
And sweare I know them good. Thus many doe
Commend and yet maintaine, their credits too:
Which, my poore Innocence hath much admir'd,
Till I perceiu'd these *Poets* who are hir'd,
In all respects are *Shop-keepers*: And they
Grow Bankroupts, if forsworne but once a day:
So these in wit grow beggerly whose sloath
Hath nothing but a Wager, or an Oath
To proue their owne or other mens desert:

And did not my per-vſall now conuert
My Iudgement to conſider what I praiſe:
I might (as they) approue, and many wayes
Recant hereafter: But I giue them leaue
To *Write* vpon me, when they ſhall perceiue
Such ſcorn'd Inconſtancie; and if they pleaſe
To doo't in *Epigrams*, Let them firſt learne *Theſe*.
Which if they can learne, they may truely boaſt,
They haue aduantage gotten with the moſt.

Io: Stephens.

To: Stephens.

The Third Booke of *Humours*:

Intituled *Notes from* Black-Fryers.

RE

The Third Booke of *Humours*:

Intituled *Notes from* Black-Fryers.

RE

Epigram.

To his Lou: Chamber-Fellow, and neareſt Friend NAT: GYRLIN Of *Lincolnes-Inne* Gent.

(me doe

NAT) Counſaile me! (faith!) what wod'ſt hau
My priuate *Notes* produce in publique *view*?
Tuſh! mooue me not: yet (doubtles) tis rare ſtuff
And may Take, why not? if ſo! *Good* inough.
How ere (*Nat*) *Patronize* it, thou canſt tell,
(If ought miſlike:) I *meant*, and *wiſh* all *well*.
Then, *Good*: or *Bad*: heer (*Sirs*!) on liking take it
If *Good*, 'tis I: If *Bad*: 'tis you that make it.

Notes from Black-Fryers.

(brace!

WHat (*friend Philemo*) let me thy corpes Im-
So jumpe met in this vnfrequented place?
Then, faith! 'lets Frolique't: pre'thee whats ỹ *Play?*
(The firſt I viſited this twelue monthes day.)
(They ſay) *A new Inuented Toy of* Purle
That ieoparded his Necke, to ſteale a Girle
Of 12: *And* (*lying faſt impounded for't*)
Hath ſither ſent his Beard, to All his part.
Againſt all thoſe in open Malice bent,
That would not freely to the Theft conſent.
Faines all to's wiſh, and in the Epilogue,
Goes out applauded for a famous ——)

Now

Now hang me if I did not looke at firſt,
For ſome ſuch ſtuffe by the fond peoples thruſt.
Then ſtay! Ile ſee't, and ſit it out (what ere)
Had I at comming forth tooke a *Gliſter*:
Had *Fate* fore-read me in a *Croude* to dye:
To bee made *Adder*-deafe with *Pippin*-crye.
Come, let's bethink our ſelues what may be found
To deceiue *Time* with, till the ſecond ſound:
Out with theſe *matches* fore-runners of Smoake,
This *Indian paſtime* I could neuer brooke.

SEe (*Captaine Martin*) he ith' *Renounce me* Band,
That in the middle Region doth ſtand
Woth' reputation ſteele! Faith! lets remoue,
Into his *Ranke*, (if ſuch diſcourſe you Loue)
Hee'l tell of *Baſilisks*, *Trenches*, *Retires*:
Of *Pallizadoes*, *Parepets*, *Frontires*:

Of *Culuerins*, and *Baricadoes* too:
What to bee *Harquebazerd*: to lye in *Perdue*:
How many men a *Souldier* ought to slay
For a *Lieutenant-ship*: or Twelue month *Pay*.
Hee'l read a Lecture (by his skill exceeding)
Of *Reputation*: when it lyes a *Bleeding*:
When *Tutcht*: when *Ingaged*: when *quite Dead*,
How none may euer Fight once Baffled.
What *satisfaction for the Lye*: and when
Quarrels are *mortall*: when *Seconds may come in.*
Then of the *Nether-lands*! what *Passes* there:
What stout *Performances*: wherein hee'l sweare
As many weekely fall but for the *Lye*,
As did in horriest time of *Sicknesse* dye.
Last for his *Manhood*: how in furie (croft)
For a false reckoning once he slew his *Host*.
And late in *England*, (since his comming o're)
Into the *Channell* flung an *Oyster*-whoore.

For taking th'wall of him: ſeeme but to doubt
(The leaſt) of theſe: ſtraight he will plucke ye out
Handfuls of *Reputation*: gain'd of thoſe
That dared not his *Valour* counterpoſe.
But wronging him: and *call'd to account* for't
In *Satisfaction* from their *Hands woo'd part*.
Which he puts vp, and glorioufly puts forth
In Ordinaries to proclaime his *worth*,
Thinking to get (what common ſence denyes)
Credit: by *Pocketting vp Iniuryes*.
Then *Learne* of him, he'l teach you how yee might
Be counted *Valiant*, and neuer *Fight*.

LOok next to him to, *One* we both know well,
(Sir I*land Hunt*) a Trauailer that will tell
Of ſtranger Things then *Tatterd Tom* ere li't of,
Then *Pliny*, or *Herodtus* e're writ of:
How he a remnant lately brought with him

Of *Iacobs Ladder* from *Ierusalem*:
At the *Barmodies* how the Fishes fly.
Of Lands inriched by a *Lottery*.
Of *Affricke*, *Ægypt*: with strange Monsters filld,
Such as nere *Noahs Arke*: nere *Eden* held.
And rarer *Rarities*, then all of these:
Iust now to bee discouered (if yee please!)
Such as woo'd make a Blind-man fond to see:
Conuicted Gallants loose their hopes and flie,
Most younger *Brothers* sell their Lands to buy,
Guyanian Plumes: like *Icarus* to fly.

BVt stay! see heere (but newly Entred,)
A *Cheapside* Dame, by th'Tittle on her head!
Plot (Villain!) plot! Let's lay our heads together!
We may deuise perchance to get her hither.
(If wee to-gether cunninginly compact)
Shee'l holde vs dooing till the Latter *Act*.

And (on my life) Inuite vs Supper home,
Wee'l thruſt hard for it, but wee'l finde her rome,
Heer *Mis*–(pox ont! ſhe's paſt, ſhe'l not come ore,
Sure ſhee's beſpoken for a box before.

KNoweſt thou yon world of faſhions now
In *Turkie* colours carued to the skin, (comes in
Mounted *Pelonianly* vntill hee reeles,
That ſcornes (ſo much) *plaine dealing* at his heeles.
His Boote ſpeakes *Spaniſh* to his *Scottiſh* Spurres,
His Sute cut *Frenchly*, round beſiucke with Burres.
Pure *Holland* is his Shirt, which proudly faire,
Seemes to out-face his *Doublet* euery where,
His Haire like to your *Mour's* or *Iriſh* Lockes,
His chiefeſt Dyet, *Indian* minced Dockes.
What Countrey *may-game* might wee this ſuppoſe,
Sure one woo'd thinke a *Roman* by his *Noſe*.

o! In his *Habite* better vnderſtand,
ee is of *England* by his *Yellow Band.*

(yonder?
NOw *Mars* defend vs! ſeeſt thou who comes
Monſtrous! A *Woman* of the *maſculine Gender.*
oke! thou mayſt well deſcry her by her groath,
t, point not man! Leaſt wee be beaten both.
eher a little, marke but where ſhee'l goe,
ow (by this hand) into the Gallants Roe.
t her alone! What ere ſhe giues to ſtand,
ee'l make her ſelfe a gayner, *By the Hand.*

VHat think'ſt thou of yon plumed *Dandebrat,*
Yon Ladyes *Shittle-cocke, Egyptian Rat:*
n *Musk-ball, Milke-ſop:* yon *French Sincopace:*
t Vſhers in, with a *Corante* grace.

Yon *Gilded March-pane* : yon *All Verdingall*,
This is the *Puppet*, which the Ladyes all
Send for of purpoſe and ſolicite ſo
To *daunce* with them. *Pray (Sir) a ſtep or two.*
A *Galliard* or a *Iigg*: Pox ont! cryes hee,
That ere I knew this Toyling *faculty*.
Yet marke! No ſooner ſhall the *Cornets* blow,
But ye ſhall haue him skipping too and fro.

A Stoole and Cuſhion! Enter *Tiſſue ſlop*!
Vengeance! I know him well, did he not dro
Out of the *Tyring-houſe*? Then how (the duſe)
Comes the miſhapen *Prodigall* ſo ſpruſe,
His year's *Reuenewes* (I dare ſtand vnto't,)
Is not of *worth* to purchaſe ſuch a *Sute*.
Tuſh! is it now to queſtion *Gallantry*,
When *No-land* for a rich *Gratuity*,

May Scale as deepe as can *Auaro's* Heire,
That may *diſpend* fiue hundred a yeare?
When *Tradeſmen* take by whole ſale all they can,
Venting it *out*, on *day*, to any Man.
And then themſelues for Twelu-pence in ỹ pound,
Will in the payment of the Debt be bound
And eſcape free by *Breaking*. This an age
To feare preferment? When a Raſcall *Page*
An *Abiect* outſide ſhall preſume to Woe
Rich bruted (*Caſhia*:) and hope better too,
Then hee that of the *Of-ſcums* of his *Braine*,
Can a man better then the (Vice) maintaine.
(Tut! 'tis the *Mothers* plot! Now ſhe ſhall ſee
The *Court* ſometimes! Oh *Carnall Pollicy*!)
Then who in *Studdy* woo'd ſpend Time in vaine?
Omit youth's pleaſures for a fruitleſſe paine?
Or for an Ayrie puffe of Enuy'd *Praiſe*,
Liue bound to th'*Good-behauiour* all his dayes.

Hang't! Let's be *Iouiall*! *Braue* it whilſt we can!
Whats *Coyne* ordain'd for, but the vſe of *Man*?
To Borrow is a *Vertue*, when to Lend,
Is to beget an euerlaſting freind:
And may a man haue more ſaid in his grace,
Then to bee *Credited* in euery place?
Hee's not a Gentleman I dare maintaine,
Whoſe *Word* runnes not as Current as his *Coyne*.
A Pipe heere (Sirra) no *Sophiſtocate*.
(Villain) the *beſt*: what ere you *prize* it at.
Tell yonder Lady, with the *Yellow fan*,
I ſhall be proude to *Vſher* her anon:
My Coach ſtands ready. Lord how me thinkes I
To carue the inſide of a dry'd *Neats-tong*. (long!
England cannot afford a kinder reliſh,
For Backragg, *Deale*, or your more pleaſing *Reniſh*
When ſhall we make a pleaſant cut to *Douer*,
In a mad merry *Humor*? And ſend ouer?

A Laugh ſhall rouz the Hage: ſhake *Leſbow walls*:
And raiſe in Armes the fearfull *Portugalls*.
Say Gallants (faith) ſhall's neuer ſee the day,
When wee ſhall *Fiſh-ſtreet* once againe ſuruey.
A butterd *Crab* or *Lobſters* leg to get,
O Venus! How a Life I ſauour it?
Who woo'd not all his Land ſpend had hee more,
Then in a day a *Kite* could hoouer ore.
T'inioy the pleaſant *Harmony* that wee
Finde in this *Microcoſme*, Man's ſocietie.
When all is gone, tis weakneſſe to diſpaire,
Are there not wealthy *Widdowes* eu'ry where.
Ambitious Sick, woo'd part from all their *Good*,
To crowne their latter dayes with a *French-hood*?
Are there not *Pates*, in ſtrange diſcoueries teaching
wh:re mountains are of *Gold*? s'fut, tis but fetching!
Twenty ſuch *Fetches* hath the (Sharke) to moue
Gallants of the firſt *Head*, but to approue

His ſwaggering *Humor*, vowes that all he ſpends,
He getteth brauely by his *Fingers ends*.
There's not a *Cheapſide* Mercer (if he looke)
That will not ſweare to't deeply on his booke.
No noted *Notary* in *Cornwell* row,
But is ſubſcribed *Witneſſe* there too.
Silkmen. Haberdaſhers. Tradeſmen all:
Inamor'd on him, for his Cuſtome call,
And he takes *all* of them But woe to him
If he bee *taken* but by *one* of *Them*.

W'Ant it for Women wo̧e ſhu'd all be men.
I cannot preſent better inſtance, then
In yon Spruſe *Coxcombe*, yon Affecting *Aſſe*,
That neuer walkes without his *Looking-glaſſe*,
In a *Tobacco* box, or *Diall* ſet,
That he may priuately conferre with it.

How his *Band* jumpeth with his *Peccadilly*,
Whether his Band-ſtrings ballance equally:
Which way his *Feather* wagg's: And (to ſay truth)
What wordes in vtterance beſt become his mouth.
Oh! Hadſt thou yeſterday beheld the *Valour*
I ſaw him exerciſing on his *Taylour*.
How, *out of meaſure*, hee the Raſcall beat,
Not fitting to his *minde* his Doublet.
Lord! how I laught to ſee the witleſſe Noddy,
Durſt not reply, he meant it to his *Body*.
See Villain, Rogue! (And in he ſhrinks his breſt)
Oh Heauens! Too wide a handfull at the leaſt,
Straight it is Cut! And then proues (being try'd)
As much too little on the other ſide.
But what skil't! Hee'l haue an attractiue *Lace*,
And *Whalebone-bodyes*, for the better grace.
Ad nit ſpare *dyet*, on no ſuſtnance feed,
But *Oatmeale*, *Milke*, and crums of *Barly-bread*.

Vſe Exerciſe vntill at laſt hee fit:
(With much adoe) his Body vnto it.
Hee'l not approach a *Tauerne*, no nor drinke ye
To ſaue his life *Hot-water*, (wherefore thinke ye,)
For heating's *Leuer*! Which ſome may ſuppoſe
Scalding hote, by the *Bubbles* on his *Noſe*.
Hee'l put vp any *publique* foule diſgrace,
Rather then hazzard cutting of his *Face*.
If in his Element you'd haue the (*Foole*!)
Aske him when he came from the *Dauncing-ſchool*
Whereas much *Leather* he doth dayly waſte
In the French *Cringe*, which *Ieremy* brought laſt.
And more, then *Coriat* (I dare maintaine)
In going to the *Alpes* and backe againe.
Whereof, that all the world may notice take,
See! euery ſtep an *Honor* hee doth make
That Ladyes, may *denote* him with their *Fan*,
As he goes by, with a *Lo: Hee's the man.*

I S't not a thing to bee admired at
That any man ſhould *Sing* himſelfe in debt.
Then who'd not giue as willingly a groate,
To heare (*Fantaſticks*) admirable note?
: As ſee a *Mandrake*, or a *Sea-monſter*:
: *Edwards blade*: with the *Tombes* at *Weſtminſter*.
The *Eagle* at the *Tower*: St. *Iames's Rarityes*:
The *Eſtrich*, or *Beauer*, that woo'd worrey Trees?
(Amorous *Fantaſticke*) that did neuer ayme at
A ſmaller *Riſe*, then *Ela* in the *Gamat*.
That ne're conuerſed but with men of *Note*,
Your Crotchet *Pate*, and your *Organick Throat*.
Neuer *Ambitious* more then to be able,
But to attaine vnto a Chamber *Treble*.
Wondrous proficient! See how the Gentlewomen
Throng to his *Chamber doore*, but dare not come in,
Why? leaſt he *rauiſh* them! Tuſh! Laugh ye not,
H'as done (I woſſe) as great exploites as that.

(Or

(Or elſe he cracks) the ſweetneſſe of his voyce
Ore-heard of Ladyes, hath procur'd him choyſe
Of *Matches*: Noble, Rich: but hee'l not meddle,
And why (I pray?) for cracking of his *Treble*.
No! hee'l with better induſtry make tryall,
If hee can *Match* his Treble to the *Violl*.
Gainſt when, hee hath proclaim'd throughout the (Citty,
To *All your Witts*, an Angell for a Ditty:
Faith! was he heere wee'd bargain for a *Rime*,
And heere he comes. So truely he keepes Time.

BVt h'ſt! with him Crabbed *(Webſterio)* *(ho-*
The *Play-wright*, *Cart-wright*: whether? either!
No further. Looke as yee'd bee look't into:
Sit as ye woo'd be *Read*: *Lord*! who woo'd know
Was euer man ſo mangl'd with a *Poem*? (him?
See how he drawes his mouth awry of late,

How he ſcrubs: wrings his wreſts: ſcratches his
A *Midwife*! helpe! By his *Braines coitus*, (Pate.
Some *Centaure* ſtrange: ſome huge *Bucephalus*,
Or *Pallas* (ſure) ingendred in his *Braine*,
Strike *Vulcan* with thy hammer once againe.

This is the *Crittick* that (of all the reſt)
I'de not haue view mee, yet I feare him leaſt,
Heer's not a word *curſiuely* I haue *Writ*,
But hee'l *Induſtriouſly* examine it.
And in ſome 12. monthes hence (or there *about*)
Set in a ſhamefull ſheete, my errors *out*.
But what care I it *will* be ſo obſcure,
That none ſhall vnderſtand him (I am ſure.)

Others may chance (that know me not a right,)
Report (iniuriouſly) all my delight,
And ſtrength of ſtuddy I doe wholly bend

To this *Leſſe-labour* and no other end.
To theſe I wiſh my ſcandald *Muſe* reply
In as plaine tearmes as may bee 'Tis a lye.
Heer's but *Pate-paſtime: Play-houſe Obſeruation,*
Fruits of the vacants howers of a *Vacation.*
Then (ſay all what they can) I am ſure of this,
That for *Play-time* it is not ſpent amiſſe.

Semel inſaniuimus omnes.
Once wee haue all
Beene Iouiall.

FINIS

To his worthy Friend, H.F.

vpon his *Notes from* BLACK-FRYERS.

HAd the *Black-Fryers* beene ſtill vn-ſuppreſſd,
I cannot thinke their Cloyſters had bin bleſſd
With better contemplations: Seeing now
Leſſe may be gleand from *Puritanes* then you
Haue gathered from the *Play-houſe*. And I muſt
(Though't bee a *Players* vice to be vniuſt,
To Verſe not yeelding coyne) let *Players* know
They cannot recompence your labour: Though
Theygrace you with a Chayre vpon the Stage,
And take no money of you nor your Page.
For now the *Humours* which oppreſſe *Playes* moſt,
Shall (if the owners can feele ſhame) be loſt:
And when they ſo conuerted doe allow,
What they diſlik'd once, *Players* muſt thanke you,

And

And *Poets* too: for both of them will saue
Much in true Verse, which hisses might depraue:
Since you haue so refin'd their Audience,
That now good *Playes* will neuer neede defence.

Io: Stephens

Epilogue.

The Author for Himſelfe.

I Am no Poet! (yet I doe not know
Why I ſhould not: or why I ſhould be ſo.)
I can (I muſt confeſſe) a *Metre* ſcan:
And Iudge of *Verſes* as an other man.
I haue been Trayn'd vp'mongſt the *Muſes*: (more!)
The ſacred Name of *Phabus* I adore.

Epilogue.

Yet *I no Poet am* !(I'de haue ye know)

I am no Poet (as the world goes now.)

: My *Muſe* cannot a *Note* ſo poorly frame,

: As Inuocate a *Penny-Patrons* name.

: I cannot ſpeake and vnſpeake (as I liſt :)

: Exchange a *ſound* friend for a *broken* Ieſt :

: Conferre with *Fountaines* : or conuerſe with *Tree*

: Admit in my diſcourſe *Hyperbolyes*.

I can

Epilogue.

I cannot highly praise *Those* highest are
Because they sit in *Honours* lofty chayre.
Nor make their States in *Sonnets* happy knowne,
Being (perchance) lesse happy then mine owne.
I cannot sing my *Mistris* face is *Faire*:
Tell her of her Lilly *Hand*: her golden *Haire*,
Fetch a Comparison (beyond the *Moone*,)
To proue her constant in *Affection*.

Epilogue.

: I dare not *Her* ſo much as *Louely* call :

: Or ſay I haue a *Miſtris* at all.

: Why? Ere too morrow, ſhe will changed bee:

: And leaue me laught at for my *Poetry*.

Had I of *Scoggins* Crowes writ : or ſet out

In *Womans* Praiſes what I was about.

I am perſwaded (yet I cannot tell)

I had a *Poet* prou'd againſt my will.

Epilogue.

Yet (ye vnproued good) blame not becauſe
yet as (doubtfull on your merits) pauſe.
I will produce and *Patronize* it too:
Finde I but one amongſt ſo many true.
But *Faine* I cannot, heere is not a word,
Which I dare not maintaine true with my ſword.
Poets men *Lyers* call. If ſo! Then (know it)
Hee is a *Poet*, doth mee call a *Poet*.

Poſt-ſcript to his Book-binder.

S*Tationer*) A *Good turne* to thee I owe:
Heere! I will pay thee now in *Folio*.
But ſtay! Not ſoe: that I woo'd haue thee put
Mee in the *Folio*: or the *Quarto* ent.
Rather contriue mee to the *Smalleſt ſize*,
Leaſt I bee eaten vnder *Pippin-pyes*.
Or in th' *Apothicaryes* ſhop bee ſeene
To wrap *Drugg's*: or to dry *Tobacco* in.
Firſt (might I chuſe) I would be *bound* to wipe,
Where he diſcharged laſt his *Gliſter-pipe*.

Post-script.

The *Character* I care not, *Great*, or *Small*,
So I bee plainly vnderstood of all.
Onely preserue mee from the sight of *Those*,
That cannot but must *Read* me in the *Nose*.
Then care to cast mee: not ith' *Learned Roe*,
Least I the *Learned* censure vndergoe.
Nor lay me with scald *Poets* least I titch,
And so become infected with *Their* itch.
Let not each *Pesant*, each *Mecannick Asse*,
That neer knew further then his *Horn-booke* crosse.
Each rauin-*Rusticke*: each illiterate *Gull*:
Buy of my *Poesie*, by pocket full.
Booke, like *made-Dishes* may for *Dainties* goe,
Yet will not euery *pallate* taste 'em so:

Poſt-ſcript.

Then were it good, I ſhould inioyne the *Sell.*
Mee vnto none but thoſe that loue me well.
If any Puff-paſte, Bumbaſte *Iobernole,*
Wrapt in the Hangings of a *Brokers-ſtall.*
A halfe-*Noſe*: or a Carbonado'd face:
Of a ſuſpitious ſubtill Serpents pace.
Truſt to a *Basket-hilt*; chances to drop,
But for a *Reſting*-roome into thy ſhop.
And catches in his fatall hand my *Rime.*
To lurke in it, vntill hee ſee his *Time.*
Thruſt him out head-long, for (beleiue him not)
Now (by the *Mace*) it is a *Counter*-plot.
If thou behold a Courtcaſt *Satten*-ſhow,
Fallen from the Faſhion a Degree or two.

Post-Script.

One as goes purueying vp and downe for *Tales*,
To Ieſt his hungry ſtomacke into *meales*.
That with a merry pocket-*Pamphlet* will,
For a weeke after Laugh his *Belly full*.
Send him to Sojourne with Duke *Humfrey*,
Let him ſtarue ere hee get a bitt of mee.
Leaſt lying (*Read*) neglected in his *Slop*,
I bee conueyed vnto the *Brokers*-ſhop.
Or by his theeuiſh *Page* diſcouered:
Quickly conuerted into *Ginger-bread*.
If any *Younger Brother*, that noe more
Hath then a Daggle-tayl'd *Sheep-skin* kept in ſtore:
Whoſe Annuall fleece will but bare meanes afford,
And with the *Ecber* of his Brothers bord.

Post-script.

That sits a *Ledger* at his Fathers Table:
My *Booke* woo'd fondly purchase: (hardly able,)
To win, the presence by the Fiers side,
Of Mrs. *Sis*, or *Sue* the Dary-maide.
Or chooke the *Rusticke* Leather-lobs with laughter
Bid him goe studdy how to liue hereafter:
Read where more sollid substance hee may get
To *Liue* vpon, or learne to goe in *Debt*.
Ye, ye, *Braue Gallants*: *Patrons* of liuely mirth:
Ye, the young hopefull *Land-Lords* of the Earth:
The youth of youth! That read most liberally,
More out of *Pastime* then *necessity*.
Yee worthy Worthyes! None elss (might I chuse)
Doe I desire my Poesie *peruse*,

For

Poſt-ſcript.

For to ſaue charges: ere the *Playes* begin:
Or when the Lord of *Libertie* comes in.
And if a *Booke* muſt needs a *Patron* haue,
Yours is the onely Patronage I craue.
Others I wiſh the *Stationer* fore-warne,
With a *Hand's off: It is not for your turne.*

FINIS.

BRITISH
11 JY 1911
MUSEUM

Errors in the Printing.

Ye *pro* your, *Folio* 2.
Rome for halfe, *pro* Rome for some halfe: } *Satyr* 1.
Ere-word, *pro* Er'e-word.
Non *pro* not.

Demoritus pro *Democritus*,
So *pro* too.
Scone pro *Sconce*.
Longey pro *Congey*. } *Satyr* 2.

Whos't *pro* whose. *Epig.* 54.
Læco pro *Cæco*. in aliquibus. *Epig.* 55.

Puts *pro* Pull's. *Lib*: 3. page 6.
Yee *pro* you.